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MODERN MANNERS:

IN A SERIES OF

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

MODERN MANNERS

FAMILIAR RECIPIES

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MODERN MANNERS: 2

IN A SERIES OF

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
So runs the world away.

HAMLET.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY in PALL MALL, and
J. SEWELL in CORNHILL.

M DCC LXXXII.

MODERN MANNERS:

OF

FAMILIAR TRISTLES.



PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, AND

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ERRATA.

Page 28, line 13, for *Pindar* read *Pindus*

— 32, — 5, for *gives* read *lends*

— — 7, for *lends* read *give*

— 64, — 4, for *Crotchet* read *Crotchini*

— 74, — 13, for *But* read *And*

— 75, — 13, for *blest* read *bright*

— 112, — 1, read thus,

He shakes off the palsey, strikes gout with dismay,

L E T T E R I.

Lady D. to Lady S.

Distress of a fine Lady—Country Relations, &c.

O Dear Lady S,— I pray and beseech ye,
By the next post, if possible, some comfort teach
me,

If, alas, any ease, any comfort can reach me !

While you, like captive nun, 'midst gloomy shades,
Sigh for the Court, and pant for masquerades,
Curse the clear streams and solitary groves,
Since there no more your darling GORGET roves ;
While you lament the fate that chains you there,
Far from the blest abodes of Grosvenor-Square,

B

And

And spend the night in studying to be free,
 To break your hated bands and fly to me ;
 I, far more wretched, (can'st thou think it true ?)
 Would quit this scene of joy and fly to you.

Yes, the cruel Fates pursue me,
 Cruel Fates, that would undo me !
 Was't not enough to bid me wed,
 To lead me to the marriage bed,
 To bind me to a filthy creature,
 Worst of objects form'd by Nature ?
 When I lost my first dear rover,
 I thought the spite of Fate was over ;
 When from the altar I withdrew,
 Firmly bound to — *you know who,*

I vow'd

I vow'd that Fortune ha' in store
 No earthly plague to vex me more ;
 But O ! the vile pernicious fury
 Still haunts thy poor friend, I assure ye ;
 Where'er I turn the jade is there,
 Ill fortune meets me every where !

Can'st thou, dear friend, afford relief ?——

But first divine my cause of grief.

What's worse than sitting in the boxes

With grocers' wives and oilmen's doxies ?

What's worse than lonely country houses ?

What's worse than tête à tête with spouses ?

Worse than a puny infant's cries,

Long sermons, dismal tragedies ?

What's worse than bells on birth day ringing ?
 Worse than a cough when HARROP's fingering ?
 Or lovers dear in duels slain ;
 Or guardians rais'd to life again ?
 Or rural hops at country fairs ;
 Or ancient virgins muttering prayers ?
 What's worse than solemn strains of HANDEL ;
 Want of money ; dearth of scandal ;
 Or jealous husbands' fond orations ?——
 What can be worse—but vile relations !
 Relations, stirrers up of strife,
 Shame of fashion ! plague of life !

O had I been an orphan left,
 Of parents, kindred, friends bereft,

Unknown

Unknown to every mortal here,
 Or drop'd from some remoter sphere;
 I ne'er had view'd my country coufins
 Flock from the North, like Goths, in dozens,
 To tinge my cheek with crimson shame,
 Disturb my peace, disgrace my name !

My dear, thou oft hast heard the story,
 (I always pour'd my griefs before ye)
 Of barbarous kinsmen in the North,
 Who threaten'd me to fally forth.
 Last week the unwelcome letter came,
 These horrid tidings to proclaim ;
 I thought it was some billet-doux ;
 Or friendly verse, by post, from you :

But

But O ! what grief my foul oppress'd,

When thus I found the note address'd.—

“ Dear Coz, I've thought year after year

“ 'Midst London beaus and belles to appear ;

“ But something has prevented ever

“ This my first wish and prime endeavour,

“ Yet still 'tis better late than never.

“ Tho' you don't visit me, 'tis true,

“ I shall make free and visit you ;

“ For ceremony often ends

“ In fix'd dislike and loss of friends ;

“ Besides I'm told 'tis out of fashion,

“ Nay almost banish'd from the nation.

“ I and my sister RUTH propose

“ With KITTY, whom I call my rose,

“ And

" And nephew GEORGE, to take a trip,
 " View London, and your ladyship;
 " Observe what curious fashions reign,
 " And then return to wilds again."

As city miss, in father's shop,
 Sees at her feet the 'prentice drop,
 Who vows on prancing nag to mount her,
 And fly from slavery and his counter;
 When lo! papa, (fond meddling man!)
 From parlour issues, pale and wan,
 Arm'd with his old Militia gun,
 To strike with awe his would-be son;
 The youth avoids the unequal fray,
 Miss trembles, screams, and faints away:

So

So when the fatal news I read,
 From my wan cheek the roses fled,
 I shriek'd aloud, I tore my vest,
 And funk——upon the MAJOR's breast!

Each noon I wak'd with anxious fear——
 “What TOILET! are the creatures here?”
 Each noise I fancy'd their approach,
 And trembled at each lumbering coach.

At length they came—why need I tell—
 You'll guess my grief and shame too well!

My foolish lord, with strange good nature,
 Is civil to each rustic creature;

He laughs at uncle's clumsy wit,
 (Tho' worse than bon-mots of a cit)
 While merciless he lays the lash on
 Our modern manners, taste, and fashion;
 Gives good aunt RUTH the easiest chair,
 Rides out with Miss to take the air;
 (Indeed I think he's some design—
 But that is no concern of mine)
 And shews his cousin GEORGE about,
 A handsome, bashful, awkward lout.

When early morning streaks the skies
 And I retire to bed—they rise;
 At two the *things* with hunger pine,
 (Poor vulgar souls that long to dine!)

And

And cram at pastry cooks, to wait
 With patience for our early eight;
 Then view the board with signs of grief,
 And sigh for ribs and rounds of beef!—
 But O! no more——enough's express'd,
 Imagination paint the rest!

Say, my dear, what must I do?
 Shall I fly to gloom and you?
 To distant villa hurry down,
 Ere the world forsake the town;
 Ere the darling opera's over;
 Ere the Major, charming lover!
 Forc'd by General's harsh decree,
 Flies to camp from joy and me!

But

But tell me, how d'ye waste your prime ?

How do you kill the monster, Time ?

Does dear Sir SIMON still perplex you,

Still with odious fondness vex you ?

Alas ! whene'er the wretch I view,

I drop a friendly tear for you !

What greater torment than to fold

A husband jealous, fond and old !—

But have you no Militia near you ?

No ensigns, pretty things ! to cheer you ?

Or in silence do you rove,

Thinking on your absent love ;

And, while he haunts your waking dream,

Adjust your head-dress by the stream ?

But

But soft——what thunder shakes the doof!

O Heaven! I hear my monsters roar;

With open mouths they crave their food,

Like hungry tigers of the wood!

Their jargon's worse than any Babel——

But hold, the dinner's on the table——

Adieu, my dear, I must descend;

O pity your unhappy friend!

LUCRETIA D.

—— Square, 1780.

LETTER

L E T T E R II,

Mr. P. to JOHN C. Esq.

Journey to Town—Lord and Lady D—

AFTER many distresses and accidents past,
 We arriv'd at this city of cities at last,
 Where confusion and order, where pleasure and pain,
 Where folly and sense, wealth and poverty reign.
 Ah JOHN ! times and seasons are alter'd, in truth,
 Since we *drawl'd* up to town in the days of our youth :
 'Twas then a month's journey thro' rough rugged ways,
 But now we were *wisk'd* here in three or four days :
 The dogs of postilions tore on such a pace,
 That I swore all the rascals were running a race :

When

When I bade 'em go flow, they replied with a crack
 Of their whip on the haunch of unfortunate hack ;
 I fretted and swore, but 'twas still all in vain,
 The hard-hearted villains were deaf to my pain ;
 For the louder we hollow'd, the less did they mind us,
 And drove as if legions of devils were behind us.

On the second day's journey our RUTH you must know,
 (She must always be prying) had a devilish bad blow ;
 A couple pass'd by who seem'd billing and cooing,
 The virgin, who loves the appearance of wooing,
 Thrust her wither'd neck out of the window to spy,
 But the coach gave a jolt, and she got a black eye.

'Twere tedious to tell all that pass'd on our way ;
 We were bad off by night, and still worse off by day ;

Vile

Vile liquors to swallow, damp beds to repose on ;

I was oft forc'd to turn out, and sleep with my cloathes
on,

Rooms that stunk of tobacco, tough meat and blunt
knives,

Impertinent hosts and their nimble-tongued wives—

We were worried and teaz'd almost out of our lives !

All travellers sure are deserving of pity,

For each inn you visit 's a nest of banditti,

All wanderers they plunder, tho' no blood they spill,

And instead of a *pistol* present you a *bill*;

Which weapon, when aim'd at th' unfortunate elf,

Compels him to stand and deliver his pelf.—

Were I a knight-errant, like those in romances,

Who roam thro' the world with sharp swords and long
lances,

My

My business should be, as I hope for a blessing,
In their own dens to give these vile caitiffs a dressing,

However at last safe arriv'd here we are,
The wonder and jest of polite —— Square.
Before I proceed to recount where I've been,
What fine things I've heard, and what fine things I've
seen,

On our modish relations I'll give a few strictures,
And, tho' but a dauber, attempt to paint pictures :
And first to begin with my fine Lady niece—
(Between you and I she's a very queer piece)
Her mind seems compos'd of good metal and base,
But as hard to find out as her natural face :
Could you see her just out of her nest, you would guess
She's a dowdy of forty——perhaps something less ;

But

But at night, all array'd in her glory (between us)

She'd pass for a fine striking likeness of Venus;

She spends all the day her sweet person adorning,

Goes out all the night, and to bed in the morning.

How fatal the day Lady DAUDLE came down,

Grew fond of my sister, and took her to town,

Soon taught her to scorn all she learnt in her youth,

And blush at the maxims of grandmama RUTH;

Her daughter, instructed as fitted her station,

Now shews the blest fruits of polite education,

Affurance, and vanity, pride, affectation!—

}

Her husband, my Lord, tho' a fine polish'd beau,

Is as worthy a creature as any I know:

He enjoys all the jokes that I carelessly tell,

And indeed seems to like us all wonderful well.—

C

His

His lordship, as loads must be laid on the great,
 Keeps a learned Divine for religion and state,
 One Dr. CRINGE-CROUCHER, who good people say
 Takes an excellent method advice to convey,
 Has a monstrous good wig, and a *fine moving way*.

Would you think in this city, for plenty renown'd,
 At this opulent board, where all dainties abound,
 That I'm famish'd with hunger—but as I'm a finner,
 When you go to supper, we sit down to dinner!
 By retaining the rascals with fees now and then,
 We make shift to get at some breakfast by ten:
 Though my lady can't make her appearance so soon,
 She's not seen, till, what rustics would call, afternoon.
 My digestion is hurt by the sweet things I eat,
 T' appease my poor stomach, which grumbles for meat

When

When at last we get dinner, I'm puzzled to find,
 In the midst of profusion, one dish to my mind.
 I who nauseate their soups, and their *coutelets François*,
 With the cook at the devil, full ten times a day ;
 Who takes care to send nothing wholesome and good,
 But murders and frenchifies all our choice food.

His Lordship at length has afforded relief,
 And now gives us sirloins and buttocks of beef :
 With triumph I tell you, that I have restor'd
 These worthies of old to their seats at the board ;
 Who before in some corner obscurely were plac'd,
 Poor exiles from table, despis'd and disgrac'd !

I have much more to say—but I now think it better
 (May be you'll think so too) to ha' done with my letter ;

If you relish my stile, and my verses commend,
Another epistle I shortly shall send,
In the mean time I rest your well-wisher and friend.

RALPH P——.

P. S.—I had almost forgotten Sir ROGER the knight—
Pray present him my service, as oft as I write :
Remember me too, to that worthy and wise man,
DR. BLISTER VAN CLISTER; BEN BITE the exciseman;
To good lawyer RATTRAP, and old justice GRUB,
Our punch-loving priest, and the rest of the club.

—Square, 1780.

LETTER

L E T T E R I I I .

Miss RUTH P. to Mrs. SUSAN — House-
keeper at — Hall —

*Observations on Lady D's. conduct — Dr. CRINGE-
CROUCHER — Charge to Mrs. SUSAN.*

I Am sorry to say it, yet say it I must,
That all we have heard is, alas ! but too just !
Yes, SCOLDWELL, my lady, by night and by day,
On the broad wings of vanity 's flying away ;
In a word she's heretical — you have more notion
Of routs and ridottos, than she of devotion.

On

On Sundays, forgetful of what is to come,
 She publickly has a vile thing call'd a *drum* ;
 She knows not what Sacrament means, and indeed
 I believe she remembers no word of her creed ;
 Nay she laughs with the Major, deistical beast !
 Who swears that the Scriptures were forg'd by a priest,
 That he might have plenty of fools at command,
 And pamper his guts with the fat of the land.
 O ! think how my rage of devotion must rise——
 I could rush on the villain and pluck out his eyes ;
 And to kill such a wretch were a true godly work,
 Who has no more faith than a Jew or a Turk.

You'll wonder I did not, quite frozen with horror,
 Pack my things up, and fly from this second *Gomorrhah* ;

But

But indeed, I must say, I've been able to find
 In this sink of uncleanness, one man to my mind :
 This person so happy in my approbation,
 Is his Lordship's good chaplain—indeed his relation.
 O could you but hear him, I'm sure you would say,
 You'd not heard such another this many a day.

I think my niece KITTY goes too much abroad,
 But who can refuse such a man as my Lord ?
 Besides the good doctor declares, by the by,
 His Lord has a worthy old knight in his eye ;
 A man of sound faith, and a good clear estate,
 Who has taken a kind of a liking to KATE ;
 And he doubts not will soon be persuaded to take her,
 And, without any money, a Lady to make her :

As

As this is the case, it is sure no bad notion,
 To get the girl settled without any *potion* ;
 And settled so well, that her uncle and I,
 Need part with no money till both of us die.

You would think too, that GEORGE, who's so clever
 and witty,
 Might pick up a girl here, with something that's pretty.
 I'm certain my nephew, when all's said and done,
 Is worthy the best woman under the sun ;
 But GEORGE, still in love with our neighbour Miss
 C. is,
 Tho' here he might meet with a richer than she is ;
 Besides he's more bashful than any young maid is :
 They fly *to* the men, but he flies *from* the ladies.

'Tis

'Tis true maiden's forwardness always offends one,
Who should wait for a husband till Providence sends
one ;

But I tell him, young men should be always a watching,
To pick up fine flies, that are well worth the catching ;
For I'll venture to say, I ne'er knew in my life
A bashful man do himself good in a wife.

They 're always outwitted by dancers and fingers,
And let all the fortunes slip clean through their
fingers ;

Then at last all the horrors of wedlock to prove,
Take some pretty fac'd hussy, and marry for love.

Forget not to look in the corner beaufet,
Where you'll find jars and glasses all orderly set ;

In

In the jars, if I rightly remember, I told ye,
 Are damsons and plumbs, which I fear will get mouldy;
 Pray put in fresh papers——if they should miscarry,
 It will far more distress me, than never to marry:
 Take care that the servants don't get at my jellies;
 Such dainties are not for their great vulgar bellies;
 And look all about for my family prayers;
 I think it was left in the closet up stairs;
 Pray wrap it up safe, for that book's worth a mint,
 'Tis a true pious work, and an excellent print.

Well now, I believe I must bid you good night;
 For I don't find I've any thing further to write:
 My love to all friends,——and believe me with truth,
 Your affectionate mistress and kinswoman,

——Square, 1780.

RUTH.

LETTER

L E T T E R IV.

Miss KITTY R. to Miss SALLY F.

A fashionable Day—the Contrast.

O, my dear, what joys are mine !

Would to Heaven such joys were thine !

MELANCHOLY, far from town,

To lonely mansions hurries down ;

See she wings her rapid way

To where tall trees obscure the day ;

Where moats the Gothic wall furround,

Where aunts and grandmothers abound.

There

There in robes of crape array'd,
 She stalks along the gloomy shade,
 Lifts to the music of the rooks,
 And pores all night o'er godly books!—
 O close the horrid scene, and see
 Joys before unknown to me;
 Dear delights that ne'er can pall,
 Delights, unknown at ——-Hall!

O Goddess come! my voice inspire,
 Laughing muses come along;—
 String anew my feeble lyre,
 Point my wit and smoothe my song.
 But not from PINDAR's antique mountain,
 Hallow'd grove, or sacred fountain,

Not

Not in Grecian robes array'd,
 With laurel crowns, that ne'er can fade;
 But you, ye smiling train, who sport
 'Midst all the pleasures of a court;
 From gilded domes, illumin'd halls,
 From operas, concerts, routs, and balls;
 With well-shap'd hoops, and well-dress'd hair,
 Here, in vis-à-vis repair :
 Modish muses, let me see
 our smiling faces smile on me.
 No more I wake my harp to tell
 The joys of county ball ;
 What pretty rustic bore the bell,
 What youth was doom'd to fall,
 No longer rural themes inspire,
 DISSIPATION claims my lyre !

Hear

Hear then how I pass my time,
 And own the subject worthy rhyme :
 At ten, my dear, I rub my eyes—
 “ BELLA, is it time to rise?”—
 “ Yes me’m”——“ BELLA, can you tell,
 “ Have they rung the breakfast bell?”——
 “ Yes Miss—hark !——again it rings”——
 “ Well then BELLA, where’s my things?”——
 Then I rise in all my pride,
 And spread the fatten curtains wide ;
 While the soft down I repose on,
 Gentle BELLA puts my cloaths on.—
 When the silver urn is gone,
 Cloth remov’d, and breakfast done,
 Uncle walk’d to take the air,
 Aunt to pore on Dr. BLAIR ;

Or to con the morning lesson ; —
Then I put my morning dress on ;
And into the coach I get,
Coach, adorn'd with coronet !
Thro' crowded streets we fly like wind,
Leaving plodding souls behind,
Gazing on us as we pass,
More than beaux on looking glass.

“ Bid the coachman drive us on,
“ To fashionable PARTINGTON —
“ Pull the string, BELL — 'tis the street —
“ Here the Ducheſs we ſhall meet ;
“ Here we'll mount in magic chair,
“ To imbibe electric air.” —

What

What makes the Ducheſs ſtill ſo pretty,
 Still ſo airy, gay, and witty ?
 'Tis th' electric ſpark, they ſay,
 Sets her going for the day ;
 Gives her that enchanting grace,
 Points her wit, and ſmooths her face.——
 O ! ſends me this ætherial fire,
 Which more than PHOEBUS can inſpire ;
 Which thought and anxious care deſtroys,
 And re-illumes the ſoul with joys ;
 Joys elating, dear delights !
 Blifsful days, and blifsful nights !

“ But come, to CHRISTIE's, make haſte JOHN—

“ All the bargains will be gone ;

“ Lord

" Lord, my hair's down !—can I go fo

" Tumbled, among virtuoso ?

" Well, I vow no creature's here !—

" Come then let's be gone, my dear."

To the city now we fly,

To teaze the Cits—perhaps to buy—

" But what's o'clock—pray how are you ?

" Is my watch right ?——'tis almost two !

" At EXHIBITION we would drop in,

" But we have no time for stopping.

Now to HIDE PARK I am gone,

Feather'd hat and habit on;

High in phaetonic pride,

With his Lordship by my side :

D

See

See he drives the pretty ponies

Thro' bowing ranks of macaronies ;

All on well-bred horses prancing,

Capering, frisking, rearing, dancing,

Who salute us while we fly,

As the guards his MAJESTY.

Now the reins are held by JOHN

While we 'light at KENSINGTON ;

Soon we join my Lady BAB,

And hear the news from BILLY BLAB :

For already, as you see,

All the world are known to me :—

This I owe, upon my word,

To the friendship of my Lord,

Who kindly shews me all about,

From drum to drum, from rout to rout,

Where

Where all ranks on strangers smile,

Introduc'd by men of *style*.

'Mong common people, friendships grow

Like sickly herbs in frost and snow ;

But with the *Great*, aloft they tower

Like hot-house plants in half an hour ;

For after a few moment's prate,

With all the *Ton* you're intimate.

“ But come, my Lord, we must away,

“ Or I shan't get dress'd to day.”

“ Lovely nymph, a slave to you,

“ *Me voici toujours tout à vous !*

My head complete, my dresser gone,

My hoop, my robe, and jewels on,

Down the stairs I trip to dine——

French the food, and French the wine :

Then when Lady D—— frisks out,

In close sedan, to Lady BRISK's rout,

My Lord commands the modern car,

To bear us all to RANELAGH.

(By modern car, my dear, I mean

The chariot gay, or proud Berlin.)

At twelve, or one, again we fly

To play a pool with Lady Di ;

Or at dear PANTHEON call,

To view the heart-bewitching ball ;

And, if we've a mind to prance,

Just run down a country dance :

Then, my dear, at four or five,

Home to —— Square we drive.

Another

Another hour is spent in chat,
 On love, and—— Lord, I don't know what!——
 At length I bid my Lord good bye——
 (O that my Lady would but die !)
 Free me from my rich array,
 And thus conclude the happy day !——

Such is the charming life I lead,
 You'll echo “ charming life indeed !”
 How different that which late I led,
 When at seven I left my bed ;
 Unwilling left it, at the call
 Of early bell, in cold damp hall,
 Cut by the blasts from winding stairs,
 To hear my granny muttering prayers :

After

After breakfast forc'd to look
 In some dull religious book,
 Read, till spent for want of breath,
 Dreadful DRELINCOURT *on Death*;
 Doom'd to hear with many a sigh
 Lectures on morality;
 Children's duty towards relations,
 Till I almost lost all patience!
 Lastly, to complete my trimming,
 FORDYCE' sermons to young women!
 Then old aunty takes her turn,
 In matters of no less concern,
 Runs o'er all her choice receipts
 To teach me how to season meats.
 At eve perhaps I strol'd to you,
 The only comfort that I knew;

Then

Then while arm in arm we rove,

We tell the progress of our love.

I go on but at a poor rate

Ogling with our bashful curate,

You proudly tell me, you aspire

To warm the frozen heart of Squire —

At night I read Sir CHARLES by stealth,

(Dear book ! worth a miser's wealth !)

Or o'er CLARISSA pore till three,

When I can no longer see ;

Then all the night warm fancy roves.

On tyrant friends and secret loves !

You'll wonder much, my dear, no doubt,

I'm suffer'd thus to gad about :

Sometimes

Sometimes, indeed, I'm fore'd to stay

At home with them, and lose a day,

To let the creatures have their way.

But oft, when aunty cries, in spite,

“ Kitty, stay at home to night ;”

And uncle's sorry I go out so,

And wonders I can love a rout so ;

His Lordship answers, bending low,

(Indeed he makes a charming bow !)

“ Dearest aunt, your lovely niece

“ Must hear GIARDINI's favourite piece ;

“ Sure in me you may confide——

“ I must not, cannot be deny'd.”

Then he softly slides up to her,

You'd swear his Lordship meant to woo her,

And

And by scripture texts, brings her to
 Own, that dissipation's virtue ;
 Then to uncle pleads for me,
 With all seducing flattery :
 The good man, grasping his soft hand,
 Swears all shall be at his command.

But now I must have done my dear ;
 BELLA tells me FRISE's here,
 Who with FRISE can compare ?
 Sweetest man !—for dressing hair !

Lov'd nymph, farewell !—but O believe,
 Midst all my joys, for thee I grieve ;
 To thy lone walks my fancy flies,
 And even at concerts KITTY sighs !

—Square, 1780.

CATHARINE R.

LETTER

L E T T E R V.

Mr. RALPH P— to To JOHN C—, Esq

*Miss Ruth and the Doctor—The Theatre—A Lady
Fashion.*

WELL, now I am got here, faith here I must stay
For I find there's no dragging my people away,
I seldom see KITTY, she's always abroad,
At operas and routs with our good-natur'd lord ;
But I think she'll ne'er learn quite so much of the mode
As to flight her old friends and her rural abode.
GEORGE is rambling about to see buildings all day,
And at night now and then he drops in at the play.

My dear sister RUTH that good teasing old creature,
 With perhaps a good heart, but the worst face in nature,
 To Dr. CRINGE CROUCHER is always declaring
 Her rooted abhorrence of wenching and swearing;
 And laments to the parson, with tears in her eyes,
 That churches fall down, and conventicles rise.
 The Doctor looks grave, strokes his cheek and his band,
 Puts his wig in good order, and presses her hand,
 And tells her the church surely never can fall,
 But shall rear her bright head up in spite of 'em all;
 Besides, the good priest other learning can show,
 And teach what, I fear, she's as anxious to know.
 When they've settled their creed, on good victuals he's
 treating;

For the Doctor has true understanding—in eating:

“This faith, Madam, strengthens us all that is good in—

“But d'ye know how to make the most excellent pudding?

Indeed

" Indeed such a treasure you seldom will meet ! —

" A late learned Alderman gave the receipt ;

" And to you I'll impart it, for really I find

" You've an excellent taste, and a true pious mind."

But think not, with sceptical malice and pride,
The church, or the clergy, I mean to deride ;
Religion I honour, the church I approve,
The gown I respect, and true virtue I love ;
But bigots, who sure to religion most hurt do,
With *sound faith*, a fine succedaneum for virtue !
And hypocrites all in false colours array'd,
Who *deal in* good works, whose religion's *a trade*,
I hate and abhor ; and to scourge them I'll venture,
Whether Papist, or Churchman, or sturdy Dissenter.

Last night I attended my nephew, my niece,
 And my lord to the Playhouse to see a new piece;
 Tho' I knew 'twould be nothing to me who had seen
 Booth, Oldfield, and Woffington, Cibber and Quin;

A confident actor first came on the stage,
 Who seem'd all the night in a wonderful rage,
 He roar'd out so loud, so distorted each feature,
 He forgot 'twas his business to imitate nature:
 Some vented their griefs in a low muttering voice;
 Then, all on a sudden, quite stunn'd me with noise;
 Loud plaudits inform'd me that this was thought fine,
 Nay the ladies around me declar'd 'twas divine;
 O Lord, cries Miss *Fig*, how enchantingly clever,
 As I hope to be sav'd he is greater than ever!

I thought

I thought, what with clapping and thumping of canes,
 They'd have had an old house on their heads for their
 pains,

By their looks, words and actions, I dare to engage,

That they were as mad as the chiefs of the stage :

'Tis a maxim observ'd by some players, I find,

That a hero distress'd should be out of his mind ;

And indeed, who can blame them, since all the world

say,

The more frantic their gestures, the better they play.

What a contrast appear'd !—with what ease did she

move,

Majestic as JUNO, and graceful as LOVE !

Each action so just, so expressive each feature,

It was not thought *acting*,—'twas too much like nature,

Now

Now her voice, sweet and plaintive, enchanted my ear,

Now melted with softness, now chill'd me with fear :

I was charm'd and delighted I own beyond measure—

But still 'twas not *acting*, and gave no great pleasure :

For nature I find with the critical band,

Is a thing they're unus'd to, and don't understand—

To his lordship I ventur'd my feelings to tell,

Who reply'd—“ *she falls off, but she's still very well.* ”

O hear ! ye, that wish to be judges of merit !

True feeling is tameness, and fury is spirit !—

More blest'd is the actor with excellent lungs,

Than with honey that flows from seraphical tongues ;

He is sure to succeed, who's restrain'd by no bound,

Who stares, raves, and stamps, and falls well on the
ground ;

Hear

Hear sons of the stage ! be this ever your plan,
 Resemble the *puppet*, but think not of *man*,

And now while I ponder'd these things in my mind,
 I was rous'd by a loud tattling noise from behind ;
 I turn'd to my lord to ask what was the matter,
 Who told me 'twas only young lady CLACKCLATTER;
 As she enter'd the box—" O my dear, how you
 bore us !

" So !—according to custom the creature's before us !

" Lord, my Lord ! I can't think how you got here so
 soon !——

" One would think that your lordship eat dinner at
 noon !"——

" O m'am, check that horrid idea I pray——

" No, I always contrive to dine after the play :——

" But

" But where were you last night, you dear little
rover,

" I sought for your ladyship all the town over;

" By your smiles, which I prize more than misers
their treasure"—

" O, my lord, at the opera expiring with pleasure—

" That Italian's a dear little wonderful thing !

" O that seraph !—pray when does the fifth act

—begin ?

" How d'ye kill time this evening ?—you can't stay

—here long—

" For a play is as bad as an old-fashion'd song."

" Did you hear what's become of Miss PRISCY PAM—

" PRINER,

" She has not been heard of since yesterday dinner—

" To be sure there are charms in Sr. TOBY O'GRIN—

" NER !—

E

" But

"But the world lies so fast—bring some fresh le-

"monade."——

Does your ladyship go to the next masquerade?—

Do I live! do I breathe!—O I heard it for cer-
tain,

That Sir JOHN—O! at last see they draw up the
curtain.——

What is it to night? must we *simper* or cry?

Lord this place is so hot that I'm ready to die.——

What people surround us! I vow and declare,

One may almost as well be at BARTHOL'MEW fair.

My Lord! Lady CHARLOTTE!—Come, let's dis-
appear;

Though the house is quite full, yet there's *nobody*
here!——

(51)

And the Devil go with you, in secret I cried,
And with all fons and daughters of fashion and pride!

RALPH P——.

——Square, 1780:

E 2

LETTER

L E T T E R VI.

BRIDGET the House-maid to HESTER the
Dairy-maid.

A panegyric on High Life.

LARD HESTER, in al yare born daies ye never fau
such a fine place,
You'd give yare eres and fom'ut to bute, my gall, to be
in my case—
As I hop to be favd it betes al the fin sites I ever com
a neer.—
Wy tis fare dai here it fems evry da in the yere.—

I've

Ive got fuch a dele of nues to tel ye that I'm reddy to
bust——

Yit there's fuch a mort of things in my minde, I
dont know which to fa furst——

Ah wench, I've got a fite of fwete arts!——in our
unkid place.

Wun can hardly git a man for luve or munny to luk
in wun's face.

You may tell ROBIN to luck for a fwete hart els ware,
For I wont have nothing to fa to fuch a pore pokin
creture I fware.

I feck's al the cuntry fellers arnt wurth an olde fong,
But here thay are hugging and kiffing us al the da
longe——

And fuch smart fellers tu, none of yare lo lifed jacks,
But gentilmen futmen with poder afe wa down thare
backs ;——

Thay're

Thay're finer every da, than our top squir any wun
day ;—

For thay're dress'd al the weke as thof evry day was
Sunday.—

Thare's my Lord's *Vally de Shamper*, who wares grate
huge tales,

He's a vast clever man, and has ruffells down to his nails.
He tels me that he's *toute a vouse*, which is as much as
to sa,

That he'll luv'e me all the nite as well as al the da,
And that I have a *bone vizauge*, and a *bone cure*,

Which mens that I have a very handsum face to be
fure.—

And thare's JOHN the footman, who's a great genus,
and alwaies tellin

(For he makes varfes) that I'm for all the world like
one Mrs. HELLIN ;

Now

Now ho she shud be I dont werry well no,
 But fancy a woman of gud fortun a grate many yeres ago.
 The ladis, for there all ladis here tho no better than me
 or you.

(Lord come up to LUNON, gall, and be a lady tou.)

I say the ladies are all very civile and fa,

I shall sone be wone of the *bo munde* as well as they.—

Wen we get al togeder, you cant think howe merry we
 al be,——

For thare's no old woman ater them, as thare wos ater
 you and me.

I can't think wot bifsnijs my old mistufs had to be
 poking hur head

Into evry corner——for my part I wifs al such mis-
 terfis wos ded.——

And besides we ete and drink wotever we have a minde,
 All manner of nice sweet things, and fine outlandish
 winde.——

Such

Such as our master has but yonce a year when he
tretes,

The nite and barrownite with venfun and other
stinking metes.——

Whi thares the cochman was telling us tother nite al
the 'fares of state.——

He noes every bit of al that's going on among the
grate.——

You can't gefs wot a mort of fine ladies CHARLES has
had——

I couldint have thot that fine ladies wos so bad ! ——

But they tells me that vartu is like a old fashon gound

Which is int fit to be worne by any bodde in this fine
tound.——

It's wery wel for thos that be as ugly as a toade——

For fartaine I alwaies thot it was a very cumberfum
lode :

O Wench !

O wench!—I've larn'd such a secret—that for anny
munny I would'int sell!—

But will you promise upon your liffe and sole never to
telle.—

Lard, my old misterfs'is bel rings—I must go up
stares,

I dare be forne to rede sum of her olde fusty prares.

When she has pord her ies out, then I must cum

To rede here goud for nothing bucks—I wish I was
dum!

Wen my friends had me taute, they thot themselves
so wis and discarning,

But I wis they wos funder for tetching me so much
larning.

Well goud by, my gall, come oup to LUNNUN, for
that's yare fort,

And you'l fune git a place among the ga fokes at cort—

For

For my part, til I git you wid us I shaull be quite in
a fidgit——

And so no more at present frome youre frend tel deth,

BRIDGIT.

—Squar, 1780.

LETTER

L E T T E R VII.

Mr. RALPH P— to To JOHN C—, Esq.

A CONVERSATIONE.

MY Lord, t'other evening when dinner was done,

And bottles and glassses, and fruit, were set on,

Said, he'd just got a card from my Lady CHATTONNY,

Who beg'd him to come to her *Conversatione* :

Go with me, he cried, and I'll promise a treat ;

There the gay, and the grave, and the learned will

meet :

There men of all tastes, and all humours you'll find,

And may join in the party that's most to your mind.

I was

I was pleas'd with this thing, I ne'er heard of before,
 So his Lordship commanded the coach to the door :
 Away then they drove us, but when we got there,
 The room was so full we could scarce find a chair :
 KATE got to the sofa, by young lady HORNER,
 Whom she'd seen at my Lord's—GEORGE pop'd
 down in a corner.

For my part, poor mortal ! I sat down behind,
 'Twixt the window and door, in a current of wind ;
 That I'm quite hoarse this morning, you need not be
 told,
 You know thorough air always gives me a cold.

Then the coffee and tea
 Were pour'd out d'ye see,

In the parlour below by the livery'd 'squire ;

And indeed I must own,

Tho' cold as a stone,

As strong and as bitter as heart could desire.

When they'd handed about

To all the gay rout,

Two cups of the liquor which ladies adore ;

Quickly out of our fight,

It astonish'd me quite,

The cake and the coffee, and tea things they bore,

Without asking us once if we chose any more.

Then they got into parties, as suited them best,

Each set by themselves, turn'd their backs on the rest :

To be sure such gay people knew well what was right,

But I should have thought it not quite so polite.

First

First I sat by a cluster of beauties and beaux,

“ Who talk’d of fine ponies, fine women, fine cloathes ;

“ Lord ! my lovely Miss WAGTAIL” says, pretty

beau BRISKER

“ I’ve just seen your dear friend Miss FANNY FAN-

“ FRISKER.”

“ —Sweet creature !—she’s truly what all men

“ adore so.”—

“ —Faith not quite so charming but some I know

“ more so.”—

“ —You difficult thing ! you’re as rude as a bear,

“ You think nobody handsome I vow and declare !

“ What fault can you find?—to be sure her hair’s

“ sandy,

“ And TATTLE protests that her legs are quite

“ bandy.”

“ —O,”

“ —O,” cries Captain O’TATTER, “ They tell me,

“ my dear,

“ That swate crature has got near three thousand a year.”

“ —No such thing my dear Captain—d’ye know Miss

“ BROCADE;

“ What a sweet thing she’d on at the last masque-

“ rade !”

“ —What was’t?” —“ Quite a heavenly fatten I

“ vow,

“ All embroider’d with thinghums, I can’t tell you

“ how.” —

You may guess that I soon turn’d away in a passion,

Quite sick of these masters and misses of fashion ;

And got by a nymph, with a white varnish’d face,

And a fallow thin man almost covered with lace

“ —Did

“ —Did you hear the last song?—by CECILIA,

“ swear

“ The bliss was too great for my weak nerves to bear:

“ I was rapt all the time in a trance of delight!—

“ But, CROTCHIT, was you at the opera last night?—

“ *Sans doute*—Do ’tis certain de opera fall off.—

“ —They tell me SESTINI has got a fad cough?—

“ —*Mon Dieu!* wid dis vile foggy air all about vone

“ *Les Italiens*, dear Madame, are never yithout vone.”

“ When’s what’s his name’s concert?—I always go

“ there.—

“ But sure they’re all buried at Hanover-square.”

“ No Madame I hear dat divine *QUAVEROLO*

“ Will give us next week a celestial *solo*.—

“ If I crawl on vone leg, I’ll be dere.”——“ So will I:—

“ At *concertos* I’m rapt—but at *solos* I die.”

“ Pray

But soon from these vot'ries of music I ran,

And plac'd myself close by a parliament man :

" Pray, my Lord, was your Lordship at last night's

" debate ?

" I was told that the house sat exceedingly late :

" What d'ye think of the Premier ?——They say he

" must fall.——

" What was done ?"——" Why as usual—just no-

" thing at all !——

" Mr.—what's his name—labour'd two hours to prove,

" That money's a thing which all ministers love ;

" And shew'd, by quotations of Latin and Greek,

" That administration was wicked and weak.

" By his friend too, (you know who I mean) we were

" taught

" In a few years the nation would scarce have a groat."

F

" But

“ But my Lord, sure they notic’d this virulent chat-

“ ter ;

“ What did ministers answer ? ” — “ Why faith no

“ great matter——

“ These people, you know, have the rage of debate ;

“ They’re contented enough if they’re suffer’d to

“ prate :

“ So we let ’em talk nonsense——but when we di-

“ vide,

“ You need not be told that the laugh’s on our side.

Next a party of critics and authors I join’d,

And thought I had found out a set to my mind :

Cries a little black man, “ I’m convinc’d, Dr. Guzz-

“ ’Tis a poor paltry book that’s just wrote by o-

“ PUZZLE.

" I'm told too that RATSANE and SCREACHOWL

" abuse it——

" Have you, my dear Doctor, had time to peruse

" it?"

" O, yes, I've just skim'd it—'tis terrible trash,

" An *oleo* of nonsense, an ill-favour'd *hash*."

" Sir, good Mr. SHUTTLECOCK's pamphlet (depend

" on't)

" Which he's going to publish, will soon make an end

" on't.——

" I heard," cries another, at CADELL's, to day,

" That JOHNSON's in town, and is writing away ;

" I was charm'd with his MILTON ; what judgment

" and spirit !

" Mr. REGICIDE, sure you'll allow this has merit ?

" You've read it, no doubt, Sir,"—" Not I, Sir,

" indeed——

" Read JOHNSON!——I'd sooner subscribe to, the

" creed!——

" His opinions, religious and civil, I hate——

" Sir, he'd make us all slaves to the church and the

" state!——

" Gud Sir," cries a Scot, springing up from be-
hind,

And presenting his snuff-box, " you're quite o'my
" mind ;

" Tho' the doctor would fain give all poets the law,

" O' the spirit of verse he knows nothing at a'.

" In spite of his critique, I canna' perceive,

" What there is in your poem o' ADAM and EVE ;

" A

" An you read OSSIAN, MILTON canna' ga down,
 " 'Tis lik after a virgin a mels o' the town :
 " On this subject the Doctor does nothing but dream,
 " For he is too purblind to ken the sublime."——

Enrag'd with the Scot and republican spirit,
 Disgusted I turn'd from such judges of merit :
 And last I approach'd a gay rattling young Lord,
 Who seem'd by his talk just arriv'd from abroad ;
 While the peer was recounting the wonders he saw,
 The rest only answer'd with *hum !* or with *ba !*
 At last we were told ('tis a bouncer I swear)
 Of a cucumber, growing—— I can't tell you where—
 Which was more than four porters to carry were able,
 Two and thirty yards long, all coil'd up like a cable.

I burst

I burst out a laughing—the peer with a bow,
 Beg'd I'd walk with him down to the parlour below;
 I obey'd, wond'ring still what his business could be,
 When shutting the door, turning briskly to me;

“ As incredulous people are too apt to flout me,

“ I carry these pistols, my best proofs, about me:

“ Pray do me the favour—which ever you chuse—

“ I'll warrant them good, for thy're always in use—

“ But we may disturb the good folks—'tis not

“ dark,——

“ I think we had better just step to *Hyde-Park*.”——

In vain I ask'd pardon till quite out of breath,

The blood-thirsty villain was bent on my death;

Spite of all I could do, spite of all I could say,

He politely persisted to shew me the way:

But

But while I'd have giv'n my life for a farthing;

My Lord had occasion to visit the garden;

On hearing the bustle, he stept in to see——

And came just in time for unfortunate me!

He ask'd my opponent the cause of this clatter,

And after they'd had but a few moment's chatter,

My spark said, my Lord had explain'd the whole
matter :

For his part, he'd quite misconciev'd the affair;

And hop'd he should see me at CAVENDISH-Square.

Then he open'd the door——beg'd I'd walk up the
stairs,

And he'd give a description of NEWFOUNDLAND
bears.

I answer'd—I thought it was time to retire :

So, leaving my niece to the care of her squire,

And

And making low bows to the brave macaroni,
 I trudg'd home, quite sick of a CONVERSATIONE;

—————RALPH P—————

—————Square, 1780.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

MR. GEORGE R. to MR. CHARLES C.

*Some very trite observations—misfortunes of a bashful
man.—*

WHAT folly, dear CHARLES, marks this changeable scene !

This reflection has struck me wherever I've been :

Our own native talents behind us are thrown,

Unthought of, uncultur'd, and almost unknown ;

Each strives against nature to rival his brother,

And grasps at the graces possess'd by another.

He

He whose person's deform'd, no entreaties can bind
 To study the graces and gifts of the mind ;
 He be-spangles his coat, and be-powders his hair,
 Bows, dances, and ogles, the slave of the fair;

He, whom Nature meant only to shine at a court,
 Is anxious on PINDUS' rich mountain to sport :

He flies from the belles, who would hear with delight,
 And in vain woes the muses by day and by night.

Examples should prove your assertions, they say,
 Here examples are seen almost every day.
 Miss PEACOCK, with face and with figure divine,
 Slights beauty, but fain as a finger would shine ;
 But miss, with hoarse voice and no knowledge of musick,
 Warbles so all the day, that she makes not a few sick.

Miss

Miss PATTYPAN, famous for pudding and pies, ○

The kitchen forfakes, and to drawing rooms flies.

Young PINDUS they say is an excellent poet, since m'I

Tho' by all that he publishes no one would know it; T.

He thinks that his talent is prose, and indeed, m' m'I

Prints nothing but tracts which no creature can read.

Shall I too, forgetful of reason's command, m' m'I

Make one of this blind, this ridiculous band ? m' m'I

Design'd in some lonely retirement to rove, m' m'I

My company, books, some fair wood-nymph, my love,

Shall I in rich habit my aukwardness shew,

The scorn of the beauty, the scoff of the beau ;

Be foremost to enter blest pleasure's abode,

And commence, spite of nature, a man of the mode ?

O CHARLES, tho' ashamed and quite vex'd in my
heart,

I'm compell'd to perform this ridiculous part ;

They drag me abroad 'mong the gay, the polite,

Make me dress all the day, make me visit all night,

With thy dear lovely sister delighted I rove,

And aw'd by no terrors, talk freely of love ;

But surrounded by beaus, and address'd by the fair,

What words, my dear friend, can my feelings declare ?

I stand like a criminal waiting his doom,

And would give what I'm worth to be out of the
room.

I tremble with shame, while with laughter they
shake,

The diversion of fools, like a beast at a wake.

Since I've been in this town, I may venture to say,
 More mischief I've done than I e'er can repay :
 If ever I come where a modish young maid is,
 And am forc'd, 'gainst my will, to sit down by the
 ladies,
 My unfortunate buckle some new distress causes,
 Their muslin it rends, or disfigures their gauzes :
 More crockery I break, though no evil designer,
 Than a monkey let loose in a closet of China.
 At old Lady LOVE-PUPPY's tea-room last night,
 I put all the guests in a terrible fright :
 She beg'd me to ring the bell, quite in a hurry ;
 I rose from my chair in a violent flurry ;
 The tassel I pull'd, and contriv'd to bring down
 One of WEDGWOOD's antiques, that cost many a crown ;
 Three

Three steps I ran backward, quite struck with dismay;
 The unfortunate tea table stood in my way;
 (Alas had I known!——but man cannot foresee
 things)

Loud scream'd all the ladies——loud rattled the tea
 things.——

The cream-jug was thrown in the lap of Miss

GREASER,

And down went the urn on unfortunate CÆSAR!

Ah CÆSAR, why didst thou not fly from the urn?

Or didst thou not know that hot water would burn?

Nymphs drew out their 'kerchiefs, and wip'd their fine
 cloaths,

The slaughter'd remains were pick'd up by the beaux:

While poor Lady LOVEPUPPY drop'd on her knee,

Now squinted at CÆSAR, now squinted at me;

Then

Then hug'd the poor creature, and sob'd out some
prayers——

Struck dumb with confusion, I rush'd down the stairs,
And flying, while they were too busy to mind me,
Left my gold headed cane and my new hat behind me.

GEORGE R.

——Square, 1780.

LETTER

L E T T E R IX.

Mr. RALPH P— to To JOHN C—, Esq.

The power of the Fair—Examples Antient and Modern.—

YOU will wonder, my friend, why I stay here so long,

Since complaining and grumbling's the chief of my song :

But woman, dear woman, man's sweet pretty play-thing,

That haughty, that humble, that gloomy, that gay thing ;

O'er

O'er me, forcerefs like, waves her magical wand,
 And compells me to yield to her stubborn command :
 I, who ne'er by a fpoufe meek obedience was taught,
 I, who ne'er in the rat-trap of wedlock was caught,
 Ne'er fwallow'd that ftrong dram of comfort, a wife,
 Which warms us at firft, but foon preys upon life,
 Am teaz'd and tormented with female caprice,
 An old maiden fifter, and young maiden niece.

The headftrong young minx puts me quite in a
 paflion,

She's juft like a mule, or a lady of fafhion ;

She has got fuch ridiculous whims in her head——

I wifh to my heart fhe was married—or dead.

G

And

And yet the young toad's not so bad as the old one,
 When I talk of our home, she does nothing but scold
 one ;

In vain I declare that her niece will be spoil'd here,
 Her whiteness, she says, will not even be soil'd here.

My fister is one of the tribe of match-makers ;

Tho' old maids, in gen'ral, are rather match-breakers.

Ever since she's been here in the way of the great,

She's been peering about for a husband for KATE ;

Now she's baiting the hook for a wealthy old knight

But I'll lay two to one it proves only a *bite*.

Thus you see, my dear friend, 'gainst my will I

stay'd

By the obstinate schemes of a foolish old maid :

RUTH, you know, has been ever the plague of my
life——

An old maiden fister's as bad as a wife !

Perhaps you will laugh at my weakness, and wonder

That I to a woman will deign to knock under :

But look round the world, and you'll soon find that no
man

Is free from the rod of tyrannical woman :

In each season of life, the still-governing lasses,

Or lead us like like infants, or drive us like asses.

ALEXANDER the mighty,

Who whole days would fight ye,

Was a dupe to a wench, I and you know;

Miss THAIS soon grew

As errant a shrew,

As JOVE's prying rib Madam JUNO:

To burn and destroy

She led the mad boy,

With a torch in her hand like a bullying HECTOR;

And I'll venture my head,

Each night in her bed,

She stunn'd his poor ears with a loud curtain lecture.

You've oft heard, I warrant,

Of th' ostler-like giant,

Who

Who broke in mad horses, and clean'd out a stable ;

Her hand his own club in,

Miss gave him a drubbing,

When the poor man to spin quite so fast was not able.

Why need I run over

That fam'd philosopher,

Who was turn'd out of doors by his *sposa* they say ?

I shall never find time,

And still less find rhyme,

To repeat every instance of petticoat sway.

Depend on't, all great men of whom we have read,

Had wives or had misses who well comb'd their head.

'Tis

'Tis juſt ſo with us ; for in this we may ſee
 The antients and moderns exaſtly agree :
 There's General SCARECROW, juſt come from the
 wars,
 With his purſe full of gold, and his face full of ſcars ;
 He ſwears they were got in the red field of Fame,
 But his ſervants declare by the claws of his dame.
 Sir TOBY's oblig'd with his fat ſpouſe to roam
 To th' opera, t' avoid rougher muſic at home ;
 There he dreams he's in counting-houſe weighing his
 money,
 'Till rouz'd from his ſleep by a pinch from his honey.
 Good Dr. DOOLITTLE his cleanly wife forces
 To an old ſcrubby garret, to pen his diſcourſes ;
 She declares with his ink he has ſpoil'd her nice floor,
 And vows ſhe'll put up with ſuch doings no more.

The

(1878)

The soft Earl of DEWDROP, unfortunate Lord !

Has not made his appearance these three nights abroad ;

His darling Signora, by fury mis-led,

Drew her scissors and cut off three curls from his head ;

So the poor macaroni must keep within door,

Till Monsieur the friseur has made him three more.

But at length to conclude,—with all women you

see,

As it was in beginning, is now, and shall be.

RALPH P. 

———Square, 1780:

LETTER

L E T T E R X.

Mr. GEORGE R. to Miss MARIA C.

A Love Epistle—quite obsolete, and monstrous low.

NO, dear MARIA, all my soul is thine——

Can modish beauty shew a charm for me ?

Can I bow down at pleasure's gilded shrine ?

And cease, one moment cease, to think on thee ?

Ah no sweet maid !—my soul's far dearest part !

The flame imbib'd ev'n with my earliest breath,

That flame, shall never cease to warm my heart

'Till stifled by the clay-cold hand of death.

Amid

Amid these scenes of pomp that court in vain,

Thy lovely image every thought employs ;

I curse the tedious hours, 'till once again

These arms shall clasp the sum of all my joys !

Ye powers ! can aught surpass this vast delight ?

Ah no ! 'tis far beyond all mortal bliss,

On thy dear charms to feast my ravish'd sight,

On thy dear lips to print the tender kifs !

And blush not at the thought, enchanting maid,

Blush not to meet me thus ; let impious love

Start at the soft embrace, and shame upbraid

The cheek of those whom guilty wishes move :

But

But love, like mine, ne'er cherish'd base desire,
 Ne'er form'd a thought that innocence could fear,
 That listening seraphs might not well inspire,
 And purity like thine approving hear.

Let FASHION's children from their lover's view
 With watchful care the toilet's stores conceal,
 Whose magic powers MEDEA's arts renew,
 And bid old age the bloom of youth reveal.

Thou ne'er hast known the labour they bestow,
 Each morn to wake those charms which fade with
 night,
 When rouge must teach the pallid cheek to glow,
 And washes give the bosom's dazzling white.

Thy

Thy flowing locks no cruel arts disguise,

Thy ruby lips no borrow'd fragrance shed ;

With native charms each morn beholds thee rise,

Like new-born VENUS from her watery bed.

Far from the busy world, we'll taste the sweets

Which liberal NATURE from her bosom pours ;

While the gay crowd, in DISSIPATION's feats,

Toil after pleasure thro' the midnight hours.

They ne'er have seen the radiant God of day

Peep thro' the gold-fring'd curtains of the East ;

They ne'er the beauties of the field survey

When MORN has cloath'd them in her dewy vest.

While

While restless PRIDE awakens vast desires,

They ne'er the charms of modest worth behold;

The thirst of praise or thirst of pomp inspires,

The dupes of flatt'ry, or the slaves of gold.

Thou know'st the blessings of an humble mind,

Free from each giddy thought, each wild desire,

Which no base chains of interest could bind,

No prostrate fops with vanity inspire :

While in their breasts disgust and spleen increase,

Disgust, which Affluence of her joys beguiles ;

CONTENT shall lead thee thro' the shades of PEACE,

CONTENT, who cloathes ev'n Penury in smiles.

Think while to thee, my beauteous saint, I bend,

I pay that homage angels must approve ;

For while I gaze, my thanks to Heaven ascend,

That gave an earthly cherub for my love !

Hence mad AMBITION ! I thy flights disdain ;

Hence every good that FORTUNE can impart ;

Let vulgar minds o'er subject nations reign,

I'll fix my empire in MARIA's heart :

There will I sway, and pity earthly kings,

Tho' nurs'd in FLATTERY's lap, beset with fears ;

FANCY in arms the murmuring rebel brings,

The venom'd cup displays, the poniard rears :

My

My little realm conceals no secret foe,
No murmuring rebel wakes to war's alarms,
No lurking traitor aims the deadly blow,
LOVE only wakes, LOVE only calls to arms!

GEORGE R.

—Square, 1780.

LETTER

L E T T E R XI.

Mr. RALPH P— to To JOHN C—, Esq.

*Riots—disagreeable situation of Mr. P— GEORGE
apprehended.*

HOW happy are those who, like you, from afar,

Only hear of this uproar, this rude civil war!—

A set of mad bigots, a lawless banditti,

Have plunder'd and ravag'd without any pity.

What shouting of ruffians, what burning of houses,

What screaming of daughters, what fainting of
spouses!

Cits, nobles and bishops, were struck with dismay,

Nay 'twas fear'd ev'n the soldiers would all run away.

Laft

Last week, ah how blind are we all to our fate !

I went with his Lordship to hear the debate.

I was startled, I own, when I saw such a crowd

Of hangdogs, and heard them all shouting so loud ;

But soon as the peer, who sat trembling within,

Was spy'd by these friends of religion and gin,

They seiz'd on the horses, and dragging him out,

Like a football the poor Lord was banded about ;

His coach, lin'd with fatten, (indeed 'twas just new)

And my very best coat were quite spoil'd by the crew,

And I, poor *pilgarlick*, not suffer'd to go,

Without a rude cuff and an insolent blow,

And curses unnumber'd, from base fetid breath,

Strong with onions and garlick that stunk me to
death :

Nay,

Nay, this was not all, a great *Protestant* lads

All at once thrust her masculine fist through the glass ;

And while, sorely wounded, I bled like a pig,

A foe to the Pope ran away with my wig.——

I assure you 'tis likely to prove a bad place ;

I've a plaister three inches in length on my face.

Next morning his Lordship set off with us all,

And his plate and his jewels, for——— Hall ;

There we stay'd till last Monday, and liv'd quite in
clover,

When we heard that this terrible uproar was over.

I shall send you down letters and pamphlets in plenty,

Of newspapers likewise some eighteen or twenty ;

H

They'll

They'll tell you the whole from beginning to end ;
 Believe me I'm sick of the subject my friend ;
 The thought of these Protestants still breaks my rest,
 The sound of *no popery* I hate and detest
 More than wrathful POLEMICS the bare name of
 GIBBON ;

And I'm sick at the sight of a piece of blue ribbon.

But this I must tell you i'th' midst of the clatter,
 As I was—" Lord KITTY !—why—what is the
 " matter!—

" What GEORGE !—my dear GEORGE ! my support

" and my joy,

" Taken up for a plot !—O unfortunate boy !"

But hold, what a fool am I ! thus to spend time in
 Exclaiming, and sobbing and crying and rhyming !—

* * * *

—O Lord, my dear JACK, such a dreadful affair !

I'm still in a tremor I vow and declare :

Poor GEORGE, my dear nephew, so harmless and quiet,

Was seiz'd as a rascal concern'd in the riot !

Our worthy young host, when he heard the sad tale,

With me flew to BOW-STREET, and got him to bail :

Poor fellow ! but now, thanks beprais'd, all the worst is

Quite over ; my Lord has contented the Justice.

Adieu my dear JOHN, I shall soon write again,

But my hand shakes so now I can scarce hold my pen.

RALPH P——.

———Square, 1780.

L E T T E R XII.

Miss KITTY R— to Miss SALLY F—

The Camps—A modern Soldier—the Compauny.

LORD my dear ! such wild uproar

Sure was never heard before ! —

Here's been the deuce and all to pay —

Something about the Pope they say. —

Indeed, the horrid barbarous noise

Put a stop to all my joys ;

For we were forc'd away to drive,

Left we should be burnt alive.

Only think, my dear, what fellows !

I hope they'll all come to the gallows !

But one good thing, indeed, they bring—

(O the sweet enchanting thing !)

A CAMP in ev'ry place about one !—

Who, ye Gods ! would be without one !

O how charming 'tis to see 'em

In the garden of MUSEUM !

O how sweet, when almost dark

Walking thro' the whiten'd PARK !

O the lovely looking creatures !

With well-shap'd limbs, and well-shap'd fea-

tures ;

Bowing,

Bowing, smiling, softly swearing,
Beneath our hats and bonnets staring.

Ah filly woman ! naughty varlet !

Why do'st thou doat on bits of scarlet ?

But see the MAJOR comes up to me,

(Sure the dear man would undo me !)

Gales of perfume tell him near ;

The air's in love with him, my dear,

For his soft form she embraces,

Even at all public places,

And steals from him, and scatters round him,

Scents with ev'ry sweet abounding !

But, indeed, you cannot guess

How complete the MAJOR's dress !

See how wide the hat is spread,

The monstrous hat that hides his head :

With

With the owner in alliance,
 It seems to bid his foes defiance :
 Huge as for a giant made :——
 At the loop the dear cockade——
 Beneath the beaver, stretching wide
 Three well-shap'd curls on either side,
 Uninjur'd by the envious wind ;
 And O, the pretty tail behind !
 Next his winning coat, behold,
 Scarlet fac'd with blue and gold ;
 Two watch-strings, gay with golden stitches,
 Hanging dangling from his breeches,
 (Breeches—sure that sounds absurd——
Small-cloaths is the proper word)
 Watch-strings form'd of human hair,
 Gift of some deluded fair ;

Loaded

Loaded too with pretty things

Trinkets, lockets, seals and rings :

On his finger ELOIZA——

Poor girl ! nothing left to please her !

But who the praises can repeat,

Of dear *Artois*, that hide his feet,

Where silver, gold, and gems unite,

Blaze in the sun, and blind the fight !

He speaks—his ruddy lips disclose

Odours sweeter than the rose ;

“ Lovely creature, how d’ye do ?——

“ ——Ah, dear MAJOR, is it you ?”

“ —Your slave—but was you in the garden

“ When —— Sir GEORGE, I ask your pardon——

“ My

" My eyes were so intent upon her

" I did not see you, 'pon my honour:

" But will you so far favour me,

" And you Sir GEORGE, to sip your tea

" This evening here in my MARQUEE ?

" Then let's have musick"—" O fans doute !

" Bassoon, clarinet, and flute"—

" Come, the what's his name"—" young *Paddy* ?"—

" —No— I mean the *Yellow Laddie*.—

" *Gramachree*—'tis my delight.—

" And now I long for *Sable night*—

" O ye Gods, it charms my ear !—

" I die with pleasure but to hear—

" —Pray Sir GEORGE, who's that that stares ?—

" People give themselves such airs !—

" Can't

“ Can’t remember, ’pon my soul——”

“ —O ’tis lady RANTIPOLE.”——

She that’s in the spotted sattin,

Walking with Miss POLLY PATTEN ;

POLLY, toast of *Lombard-street*——

How she views her little feet,

With what an air she waves her head,

Her eyes how black, her lips how red !

How white her teeth, (bewitching jade !

The best RUSPINI ever made.

Who’s that fat man that struts about so ?——

’Tis the Baron BANGDOROUTZO ;

He, who wanted to be rude

With his cook, an errant prude ;

But the stout jade, I can tell ye,

Beat him almost to a jelly.——

As I live, there's Lady BANGDOG,

Hobling here with lawyer HANGDOG;

ROSIN TOO and lady PIDDLER,

She's always with some dirty fidler.

There's obsequious Doctor PANDAR

Making love to Lady GANDER.

How the beldame curls her whiskers!——

Bless me! there's the two Miss FRISKERS.

How genteel!——But what's that noise?——

Sure 'tis uncle's gothic voice——

"KATE, why KATE! they wait for you!"——

I come, I come,—sweet girl adieu——

CATHARINE R——

——Square, 1780.

LETTER

L E T T E R XIII.

Miss RUTH P—— to Mrs. SUSAN S——

Lamentations of RUTH——Dr. PROMETHEUS——

WHEREVER I go, my dear SUSAN, I meet

Poor protestants hanging in every street :

O Lord ! what a shame, that such pious young fellows

In the cause of religion, should come to the gallows.

They fain would persuade me these grim visag'd

martyrs,

Were puritan Scotchmen, or popish upstarters.

But

But tho' from the morning to night they should
chatter,

I'm determin'd I'll never believe no such matter.

What ! *Skipticks* engage in so godly a work ?——

'Id as soon think there's virtue and truth in a Turk.

No, no, these were no such republican people,

Who spurn at a surplice, and fly from a steeple ;

But worthy reformers, who took it in hand,

To root out the Pope's horrid crew from the land.

What pity so noble a scheme should not thrive !

I would they had burnt all the papists alive.

Ah, SUSAN, indeed, 'tis a sin and a shame

Our Bishops (but sure they deserve not the name !)

To scurvy dissenters such countenance give,

And suffer these vile papist wretches to live.

O Lord

O Lord ! I could tear up the earth, when I think
 That scismatic priests should have victuals and drink !
 There's a terrible villain—one L——— they call
 him.——

(I wish all the plagues upon earth would befall him !)

A murd'rous apostate, who's grown so audacious
 He boldly despises the great ATHANASIUS.——

And yet I am told that folks patiently hear him ;
 I would not, for never so much, go a-near him !

Indeed, could I once be so sadly misled,

I'm certain the roof would fall down on my head.

But this is my comfort—OLD HARRY I know

Will soon cram him down in his hot-house below.

* * * * *

O SUSAN,

O SUSAN,—I've found out the greatest physician—

In troth I believe he's a sort of magician ;

For without any drugs, by his engine alone,

He cures all disorders that ever were known.

In his house they are wailing all night and all day,

And there stands a fine lady, a goddess they say ;

You'd think her all paint, she's as ruddy a look,

As old Mrs. FURNACE, Squire TUNBELLY's cook.

But in truth it is only the bright flush of health,

Which the doctor assures us is better than wealth.

He protests on his honour, there were not a few sick,

But yesterday cur'd by a concert of music.

If piping should fail, he proceeds a step higher,

Grinds round his *'paratus*, and cures you with fire.

He drives off at once all disorders that plague you ;

He burns out hot fever, he burns out cold ague,

Sets

Sets fire to the palsy, and scorches decay,

And forces consumption to gallop away.——

Miss PATTY PINTOODLE declares, I can tell ye,

He's dried up her dropsy, and lessen'd her belly :

Miss FINCH was so hoarse, she could scarce scream a
note,

And Counsellor HEM had a bur in his throat ;

But a stroke from the doctor has quite done the thing—

The lawyer can plead, and the lady can sing.

Sir SCATTERBRAIN SPATTER, the parliament man,

Was seiz'd with a looseness whene'er he began.

The poor man could never go on with his speech,

He was so taken up with this troublesome breech ;

But the orator now, unmolested, can rail,

Since this prince of physicians set fire to his tail.

The old Earl of PEERABOUT could not see clear,

But was always found *there*, when he ought to be *here* ;

The

The Doctor's *colyrium* has open'd his eyes,
 He knows when to sit down, and knows when to
 rise ;

And is now never seen when the houses divide,
 To be blind to his *duty*, and take the *wrong* side.
 Miss BARBARA DIEAWAY's nerves were so weak,
 That she seldom could move, nay she scarcely could
 speak ;

But rous'd by this GALEN's most potent machine,
 She's now grown as brisk and as blythe as a queen ;
 In public and private she's frisking and prancing,
 And now can endure the most heart-melting dancing.

'Twere endless to tell all the wonders he's done
 Beyond all the doctor's stuff under the sun.—

I

They

They fain would have had me, tho' then 'twas quite
dark,

Receive a slight shock, or the fluid, or spark ;
But I promis'd to visit him when it was light,
For I was afraid of such doings at night.—

He tells me each shock makes one stronger and stronger
And ensures one at least for an hundred years longer ;
Yet surely on purpose to give him the lie,
Still obstinate people continue to die.

But more than all this—he's a secret they say,
To better the breed—in a *fair honest way*.

In his house there are beds of invention most rare,
On purpose contriv'd for this *self-same affair*.

But the Temple of Health is no punch house of Drums
The Doctor would scorn such dark deeds I assure ye

His couches electric are *purely* design'd
For the well-meaning pair holy wedlock has join'd :
He has drawn up instructions that husbands may
know

What faults they commit, and what duties they
owe.

The Lady of Dr. DANDROWSY, I'm told,
Has sent, by her good man, five pieces of gold,
Intending, without loss of time, to produce
His important advice for her own special use.

You'll wonder to hear, but indeed it is true,
The Doctor's no private advantage in view ;
He takes fees indeed—but that's merely to live,
That he still may remain his assistance to give ;

But his principal object, you'll certainly find,
Is the comfort, the health, and the good of mankind.

RUTH P—

—Square, 1780.

L E T T E R XIV.

RALPH P—— to JOHN C—— Esq;

PERORATION.

WHAT a blockhead was I for amusement to roam !

an idiot ! why was't thou not quiet at home ?

I swear you may sail from Old ENGLAND to SIAM,

and ne'er be so sick of your journey as I am.

You may venture your bacon at fam'd OTAHEITE,

where Indians untutor'd are kind and polite t'ye.

They're polite to you here, with a vengeance 'tis true,

but the rascals have always some mischief in view ;

the modish barbarians of this polish'd place

smile to the heart, while they smile in the face.

Ah,

Ah, would you believe it? my cousin so civil,
 So kind, so polite, is as black as the devil;
 And KITTY, in whom I such confidence put,
 Is a forward, audacious, and impudent slut!
 Yes, my once pretty rose, my once innocent maid,
 Sign'd and seal'd her disgrace at the last masquerade:
 A prey to my Lord, most abandon'd of beaus,
 A victim to flattery, love, and fine cloaths!
 O why this vile journey did I stand their friend in
 But who would have dreamt of so tragic an ending
 I sought, I enquir'd, till quite out of breath,
 Disorder'd, afflicted, and jaded to death,
 And GEORGE ran about like a dog in a fair,
 In search of this wench, fled no mortal knew where
 At length we discover'd, the saucy young gipsy
 Set off with my Lord when he'd made her half ti

And least we might think it worth while to go a'ter

They've taken a trip to'ther side of the water.—

A fine pretty age this ! as easy as may be,

Poor virtue is trap'd like an overgrown baby.

Our nobles stand foremost the patrons of vice,

Their business is wenching, their Gods are the dice !

O fond foolish woman ! though over-wise never,

Now ten times more silly, more wanton than ever ;

Or fasting or full, you can never be easy,

Unless you've a lover to plague, and to please you ;

Sure the deuce has possess'd ye to think there's such

bliss in

The greatest of follies, embracing and kissing !

My

My Lady's surpriz'd that we make such a clatter
Concerning so *trivial* and *common* a matter. —
What philosophy shines in the wives of this town ! —
Ah surely the world is turn'd quite upside down !

RUTH, foolish old creature ! (but proverbs have told
one,

Of all fools there's none to compare with the old one)
Though she went sick to bed, the sad news had so
shock'd her,

Rode early next morning to church with the DOCTOR :
Yes now her first wish is accomplish'd—She's wedded,
But I hope from my soul that she'll never be bedded.

Such an old water-wag-tail I cannot abide —

Is a gorgon-fac'd harriidan fit for a bride ? —

I'd as soon have a death's head and bones by my side.

O !

O! may the good doctor trust all her estate
 To bankrupts, who here have been plenty of late;
 May he never enjoy one poor sixpenny piece
 That was meant for her nephew and run-away niece!
 And may the old wedded rib get nothing by't;
 But, cheated of all her expected delight,
 Be beat all the day, and tormented all night!

GEORGE now the sole heir to my real estate,
 (Tho' I'll not quite abandon unfortunate KATE)
 Is eager with me to depart in a trice,
 And fly from this temple of folly and vice:
 No pomp can allure, no town beauties can fire,
 The varlet's still true to your darling MARIA.

Adieu

Adieu my dear friend—we to-morrow set off,
 Tho', seeking this girl, I have got a fad cough ;
 For riding post horses thro' all sorts of weather,
 I caught cold, and lost great abundance of leather.
 I'm flay'd like a martyr—of skin not a bit on,
 While I'm writing I've two or three cushions to sit on.

Once more then farewell—but if ever I'm known
 Again to set foot in this villainous town,
 May I take to my arms a gay buxom young wife,
 To spend all my fortune and shorten my life.

May she joy to perplex me,
 Torment, teaze and vex me,
 Plant my forehead with horns,
 My pillow with thorns ;

Ma

(123)

May I study in vain to get rid of the evil,
And wish myself ten times a day at the devil.

RALPH P——,

——Square, 1780:

F I N I S:

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